

Gc
929.2
Sm5149s
1950032

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01427 0992

729

The
Smith Family
History

By Elsie Ermine Smith

1950032

MV Smith, Elsie Ermine
q929.2 The Smith family history. Kansas City,
S652 Mo., 1962.
29L. 28cm. gift

63-00606

K

C

MV
Shelf List

Rec'd June 7-1977

This family history is lovingly dedicated to my
father and mother, Steele Smith and Jennie Jones
Smith, who by their example, strength of charac-
ter, and indomitable courage under difficult circum-
stances have been an inspiration and a guide to me
throughout my life.

I am proud of my heritage.

Their daughter, Elsie Ermine Smith

1962

Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee thy elders and they will tell thee. Deuteronomy, 32-7.

Long ago when family names began to be used, people were identified by their trade or occupation. The word Smith means a worker in metals.

We have a great reason to be proud of our name, for in the Bible, Isaiah, 54th Chapter and 16th verse, it says, "Behold, I have created the Smith". And the Smith is also mentioned in other parts of the Good Book.

Smith is claimed to be the most common name in the world, and they are in every nation, except there are no Jews, for by reading the First Book of Samuel, 13th Chapter, and 19th verse, "Now there was no smith found in all Isreal". It seems the Jews were afraid they would make swords and spears, and destroy them.

Some way, somehow the Smith's we are descended from got to Scotland centuries ago. In those days they had clans, and would fight against each other. One time two clans were going into battle. There were to be twenty men to fight against twenty men of the opposing clan, but to their consternation just before the battle, one clan only had nineteen men to go against the other twenty; so a big, brawny Smith offered to fight to help out. He killed his man, then went and sat down. The clan he helped was getting whipped, and he disliked to see that, so he went in again and won the battle. This clan was so grateful they told him from then on he could belong to their clan, and all the Scottish Smiths would be under their jurisdiction. So the Smiths belonged to the Chatteur - Gow (or McGow) clan. Each clan of Scotland, had a plaid, that belonged to them only, and when wearing it, everyone knew which clan they belonged to.

Some plaids were beautiful, and each color and design meant something. The plaid of the clan the Smiths belonged to was not pretty, it was predominately red and black, for they were the workers.

The coat of arms is the dexter, or right arm, holding a hammer upraised, looks something like the picture on a package of Arm and Hammer soda. It is entwined with laurel (Laurus Nobilis). The true laurel is a small evergreen tree, with glossy leaves, and is an emblem of victory or distinction.

The Smiths are right handed, no left handed ones.

One of the clan, Neil Gow, became a favous violinist.

Years rolled by, and America was discovered. Some time in the early 1800's some of the Smith family came to the New World.

The following is copied from a letter written June 1, 1948 by Alma Smith Huffaker to her cousin Aubrey K. Smith:

"Rockville, Missouri
June 1, 1948

"Dear Aubrey:

Samuel Smith Branch

"We are descendents of Samuel Smith who came with his brother, William, from Highland Scotland to America, and settled in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

"Samuel Smith married his first cousin, Rebecca Mullen. They had four children: (our grandfather Ellis) William, Steele and Mary. All were born in Westmoreland County Pennsylvania.

"They moved to Guernsey County, Ohio, near Columbus, where they operated an Inn and Hostelry (Hotel and Livery barn). The stage coach made regular stops at their place. It was located on a turnpike (I think it was a part of the Cumberland Highway). This is where our grandfather Ellis met and married our grandmother Roxaline Green. Her father was an Irishman, Aaron Green. Her mother's maiden name was _____ Stigler. She was Dutch.

"Our grandmother, Roxaline Smith, was born in Forquer County, Virginia, September 5, 1826.

"She told me that her grandfather Green had a large cotton plantation in Virginia, and she used to ride behind her father while he was overseeing the slaves at work.

"I don't know what became of Aaron Green, but grandmother's mother later married Jim McHorney. Grandmother then went by the name of Roxaline McHorney. She had several half brothers and sisters.

"When she was nine years old she moved to Guernsey County, Ohio, with the McHorney family.

"She united with the Baptist Church when she was sixteen years old. She worked at the Sam Smith's Inn. Our grandfather and grandmother were married in 1847, and had nine children. (Uncle John Rea was drowned at the age of 15.)

"Grandfather Ellis Smith was a school teacher for 18 years. During the

"Civil War he was a drillmaster and trained Union soldiers on the College Campus at Columbus, Ohio. About that time he was drafted for regular army service, but hired Albert McHorney (grandmother's half brother) to go in his place. Albert McHorney was killed during his first battle. "

Your Cousin,

Alma Huffaker"

May, 1960, Aubrey and I took a trip to the East coast and passed through Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. It is East of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and very mountainous there; the scenery is beautiful. The houses are snuggled in the valleys, or on hillsides; perhaps reminding the Smiths of their old home in the Highlands of Scotland. (Some say our great-grandfather, Samuel Smith married Rebecca Mullen, others say it was McMullen).

Our grandfather, Ellis Smith, son of Samuel and Rebecca McMullen Smith, was born March 29, 1821, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, and when a small child, moved with the family to Guernsey County, Ohio. Samuel Smith was a millwright (one who designs, builds, or sets up mills or mill machinery). He had a mill; - some say a flouring mill on McMahan Creek. He built a brick inn on the Cumberland Turnpike, in Old Washington, Ohio, in 1825. As Alma's letter stated, that is where our grandfather Ellis met and married our grandmother in 1847.

They had nine children, most of them born in Guernsey County, Ohio:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Samuel Benton Smith | born December 18, 1848 |
| William Allen Smith | born December 1, 1949 |
| John Rae Smith | born 1852 |
| Clark Smith | born January 21, 1855 |
| Steele Smith | born February 1, 1858 |
| Mary Rebecca Smith | born January 10, 1861 |
| Ellis Smith | born December 5, 1863 |
| Albert Smith | born June 5, 1867 |
| Lee Smith | born March 25, 1870 |

When on our way to Niagara Falls, June, 1948, Aubrey and I stopped at Old Washington, Ohio, and looked the little town over. We found an old man, Mr. R. N. Laughman, 87 years old, who knew our great grandfather, Samuel Smith. He said the old brick inn had burned about twenty five years before, and a bungalow was built on that spot. The old stepping stone was still there in front of where the Inn stood, which was used in old times to assist ladies to mount horses, or enter stage coaches.

The old Cumberland Turnpike passed directly through the town and at that time we were there, was Highway #40. We ate lunch that day at another

Inn similar to the old Smith Inn, so they told us. Across the street was an old store building with the date 1830 on it. And with my vivid imagination working overtime, I could visualize my grandparents, and others of the family walking into and out of that very same door and going along the street. The houses are old, well built and flush with the streets, as so many are in eastern states. The windows had small panes.

The cemetery is up on the hill south of the town, and reminded us so much of the big hill or mound south of Montrose, Missouri. We visited the cemetery, and found the resting place of Samuel Smith, and took a picture of his monument. He died May 15, 1872, aged 76 years. The new #40 Highway goes at the foot of this hill past the cemetery, by-passing Old Washington.

On another trip to the east coast we passed through Fauquier County, Virginia, where our grandmother, Roxaline Smith was born September 5, 1826. The country is rolling, and lots of horses are there. We saw many scars of the battles of the Civil War. This country is in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and about sixty miles Southwest of Washington, D.C.

The countryside around Old Washington and Elizabethtown is rolling and very pretty. Elizabethtown, Ohio is just a mile or so East of Old Washington, and in this tiny village is where our father, Steele Smith first saw the light of day in a big snow storm, and was named for his Uncle Steele, a brother of his father. There were only five houses left there, one a stone house, and from descriptions of our father, Aubrey and I felt almost certain that was the old Smith home. The people living there kindly let us go through the house, and up the narrow stairway. What impressed me was the mantel above the fireplace. It was in a design exactly like the one on the porch Dad built on his first farm house, East of Appleton City, Missouri.

We saw so many things in Ohio that we remembered Dad telling about, one being something like every five miles there was a well and pump right by the side of the road - of course, it's a roadside park now with shelter houses. Then so many fruit trees are along the roads, especially cherry trees.

During the Civil War some of Morgan's Raiders came from Kentucky after horses, and the old gentleman told Aubrey, "We killed some of them fellers and buried them in the cemetery". Along the highway is a marker telling of the battle. On it is, "Morgan's raiders were here overtaken and defeated by Union Cavalry under General Shackleford, July 24, 1863. A memorial to the fortitude and patriotism of our fathers and mothers. Erected by Auxilliary No. 28 in 1927 to Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War of Cambridge, Ohio".

This marker is not far from Elizabethtown, and that day our grand-

mother had sent her small 8 year old son, Clark, on an errand. On the way he heard women screaming and running with their children, and shooting began; so he ran too, and lost his cap, which he never found.

The enemy was driven away, but grandfather sent his family to Illinois, I think they went by train. Grandfather was a Mason, and grandmother sent Dad and Uncle Clark to some man and she said something to him and he took them in and cared for them until grandfather came later.

The family went to Tipton, Iowa, about the close of the Civil War, for a year or so, then came to Henry County, Missouri, near Johnstown, Missouri, in 1867. Dad was nine years old then, and they came by wagon, had an ox team, called Buck and Berry, and driven by the command of "Gee" and "Haw". I don't know if they had any horses or not, but Dad told us he walked most of the way barefooted, and drove the cow along.

While living at this place, the 15 year old son, John Rea, failed to come home one night. He had gone swimming. They and the neighbors hunted all night for him, and in the morning found him in the creek drowned, the turtles had eaten his lips off. Dad said that his Mother was never the same again.

Then they bought a farm of eighty acres northeast of where Montrose, Missouri is now. The nearest railroad was Sedalia, Missouri, and lumber for a house had to be hauled from there. The soil was rich and crops grew well. Dad told how he sat on the corn planter, and the corn had to be dropped by hand, while someone drove.

All pioneers had a hard time. One year grasshoppers came by the millions, and ate everything up; one wonders how they survived. They had no white bread, but did have cornbread, and not much milk. Granny would pour a lot of water into the milk to make enough gravy to go around for the big family. I remember Dad telling how he poured tallow in molds for candles, and I think they burned Buffalo chips for fuel.

A school house was built on one corner of the farm, a quarter of a mile from the house, and grandpa taught there. The school was called the Farmer's Institute, but was nicknamed Cornbread College. He was highly educated for those days, and read lots. He was gone lots since he was a Mason, and became the highest he could go in United States at that time. He also ran a magic lantern show. In the long evenings Grandma would sing and tell stories to entertain the children. Dad said she was such a pretty woman, and had a beautiful complexion, she was a blonde.

Grandpa was not a good manager, and money slipped through his fingers, so little Grandma, about five feet tall took the money that was left,

from her six foot husband, and thereafter handled the purse strings.

Grandpa was very strict, perhaps had to be with so many boys. He had a violin, or fiddle the boys called it, and kept it locked up in a bureau drawer. One day while he and grandma were away the boys got the drawer open, and took the violin out and took turns learning to play. They were all natural musicians. Dad's first piece he played was "Darling Nellie Gray".

When the M. K. & T. Railroad was built in 1870 it crossed the corner of the Smith farm, and Dad carried water to the men. He raised water-melons and sold them to the workers.

On April 16, about 1875 there was a tornado, and blew the school-house down. Dad was working in the field not far away, and the first one there to help. No one was killed, but a little girl got her arm broke.

The three R's were stressed in school, and especially spelling. Spelling matches, for both young and old, were one popular neighborhood entertainment, and Dad won the prize one time - a book which we still have, entitled "No Sense Like Common Sense", by Mary Howitt, printed in 1869. On the flyleaf is written, "Steele Smith's book. Presented to him for good spelling in the year of 1881. By Mr. Calfee, teacher."

One by one the children left for homes of their own, except the youngest, Lee, who stayed on and cared for his aging parents.

On May 7, 1899, the father passed away, and funeral was the next day, as impossible to keep a body long in those days. I was small, but I distinctly remember him, and the funeral. He had a long white beard, but was bald headed. There was no hearse, so they wrapped the black coffin in a sheet, and put it in a wagon, one man drove and another sat near the coffin to see nothing happened. The roads were dirt and rough. They drove very slow to Bear Creek Church, and had the funeral that afternoon. They left the body at the front of the church, and people went up and looked at him. Aunt Mary was there, and had a mourning veil on, and went back several times to look at him. They carried him across the road to the cemetery, (grave yard they called it then) and lowered him in the grave, and put boards on top of the coffin. I think the boards had been removed from the back porch floor for that purpose. Then everyone stood around until the grave was completely filled, and dirt rounded up.

Uncle Lee, with his Mother, and little Maggie Smith, the oldest daughter of Albert Smith, continued to live on the farm until 1901, when they rented the farm, bought a house in Appleton City, and lived there until her death June 19, 1905, Grandpa had willed everything to her.

Grandma had a stroke in April, 1905 and was bedfast for three months. Her son Lee cared for her and was very kind and good. She passed away June 19, 1905, and funeral the next day. Flowers were not given then as now, but her husky sons bought an artificial wreath to place on her casket. For many years afterwards Uncle Lee kept it in a frame hanging on his wall.

By this time there were hearses, and it was very ornate, black with fringed curtains at the glass enclosed back of hearse, the driver and undertaker rode up on a high seat in front. I think all her sons were there, but Aunt Mary was unable to come.

They drove slowly the whole way from Appleton City, to Bear Creek Church through Montrose, and by the old home as I remember. The funeral was at the church, and they carried her across the road and buried her by grandpa. Her obituary is shown below:

"Peacefully Resting

"The death angel closed the eyes of Mrs. Roxaline Smith at 20 minutes before three o'clock Monday afternoon, June 19th, 1905, at her home in Appleton City, Missouri. Funeral services were held at Bear Creek Church and the remains were laid by the side of her husband, who preceded her to that great beyond some six years ago.

"Deceased was born in Farquer County, Virginia, September 5, 1826. She moved with her parents to Guernsey County, Ohio, at the age of nine. She united with the Baptist Church when she was sixteen years old. In 1847 she was married to Ellis Smith, and in 1867 they moved to Missouri and located on a farm near Montrose. In February, 1901, she, with her youngest son, Lee came to Appleton City to live, and fortunately for her, Lee was a kind and dutiful son, who never faltered in his devotions to his mother and ministered so kindly to her every want.

"She was the mother of nine children, eight boys and one girl. All of whom survive her, except John Rea Smith, who died in 1867 at the age of 15. The other children are as follows: Samuel Benton Smith, of Cherokee County, Kansas, William A. Smith, of St. Clair County; Clark Smith of Bates County; Steele Smith, of St. Clair County; Mary R. Hall of Carterville; Ellis Smith of Clinton; Albert Smith of Bates County; Lee Smith of Appleton City.

"A loved one is gone who seemed so near,
There is a broken tie in our family here;
The spirit of a loved mother has flown,
From this earth to its future home.

"It was God who gave it and His to take,
Ours to mourn for loved ones sake;
Though we loved her in life and mourn her in death
We would not call her back from her peaceful rest."

The will stated a tombstone must be placed at their graves. It was bought, a nice one, and Dad and Uncle Will spent a whole day at the cemetery helping put it up. The farm was sold in 1906, for I believe \$50.00 per acre.

Samuel Benton Smith, born December 18, 1848 - died January 21, 1932.
Lucy Margaret Bridges Smith, born Nov. 25, 1854 - died August 17, 1940.
Married April 6, 1873. To this union was born 9 children:

| | |
|----------|-------------------------|
| Charlie | born October 22, 1874 |
| Dora | born September 18, 1876 |
| Tom | born October 7, 1878 |
| Jim | born January 13, 1881 |
| Effie | born October 2, 1883 |
| Claude | born May 13, 1885 |
| Beecher | born September 8, 1889 |
| Clarence | born October 10, 1892 |
| Nellie | born April 23, 1895 |

Obituary of Samuel Benton Smith

"Samuel Benton Smith, eldest son of Ellis and Roxaline McHorney Smith was born December 18, 1848 in Guernsey County, Ohio, and departed this life January 21st, 1932, at his home in West Mineral, Kansas.

"His childhood Days were spent in Ohio, the family leaving there during the Civil War.

"On April 6, 1873 he was united in marriage with Lucy Margaret Bridges, in Sagamon County, Illinois. They traveled life's pathway together for more than 58 years.

"They came to St. Clair County, Missouri and established a home about eight miles east of Appleton City, Missouri.

"About 1889 they went by wagon to the new country of Kansas, settling on a farm near McCune, Kansas. Besides farming he did carpenter work too. In later years his eyesight began to fail and they moved to West Mineral, Kansas.

"They were blessed with nine children, three daughters, Dora, Effie and Nellie, six sons, Charlie, Tom, Jim, Claude, Beecher and Clarence; all who do not live far away.

"He is survived by his faithful wife, the children mentioned, a number of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

"Funeral services were held at the West Mineral Methodist Church, with burial in Girard, Kansas Cemetery.

"The pall bearers were his grandsons, Bill Smith, Alva Smith, Orville Howey, Johnnie Smith, Amos Smith and Harold Smith.

Obituary of Lucy Margaret Bridges Smith

"Lucy Margaret Bridges was born in Sagamon County, Illinois, November 25, 1854. She passed away August 17, 1940, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dora Howey, one mile west of West Mineral, Kansas, where she had been tenderly cared for by her family.

"She and Samuel Benton Smith were married April 6, 1873 in Sagamon County, Illinois, soon moving to St. Clair County, Missouri, living on a farm east of Appleton City, Missouri, for several years.

"About 1889 they moved to McCune, Kansas, and later to West Mineral, Kansas, where her husband passed away January 21, 1932.

"She was the mother of nine children, three daughters, Mrs. Dora Howey, Mrs. Effie Hudson, Mrs. Nellie Draeger; six sons, Charlie Smith, Tom Smith, Claude Smith, Jim Smith, Beecher Smith, Clarence Smith, a number of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

"Funeral services were held at the Methodist Church, in West Mineral, Kansas. Casket bearers were six of her grandsons; Ernest Draeger, Virgil Howey, Claude Smith, Amos Smith, Alva Smith and Orville Smith.

"Burial was in Girard, Kansas Cemetery by the side of her husband.

* * * *

William Allen Smith - Born December 1, 1849, Died September 21, 1923
Nancy Catherine Fenwick Smith, Born July 13, 1855, Died January 15, 1940.
Married July 2, 1876. To this union was born four children.

| | |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| Rosa Belle | born March 31, 1877 |
| Mary Etta | born October 6, 1879 |
| William Oscar | born October 29, 1882 |
| Alta Verne | born September 13, 1892 |

Obituary of William Allen Smith

The funeral of William Allen Smith, aged 73 years, 9 months and 20 days, who died at the Puritan Sanitarium in Kansas City, was held Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, at the Baptist Church in Appleton City, Rev. B. F. Dinwiddie, the pastor, officiating. The pallbearers, all friends of the family, were: Jesse Phelps, Russell Williams, Charles McConnell, Russell McConnell, Louis Hollister, and Lester McConnell. Burial was in the Appleton City cemetery.

William Allen Smith was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, December 1, 1849, and died September 21, 1923. In the year 1865 he with his parents, brothers and sister moved to Henry County, Missouri, and later moved to his farm seven miles east of Appleton City, Missouri, where he resided the past 41 years. July 2, 1876 he was united in marriage to Catherine Fenwick. To this union four children were born: Rosa, Oscar, Alta, and Mary Etta; Mary Etta was called away in infancy. He leaves a devoted wife and three loving children: Mrs. Walter Kirk, Mr. Oscar Smith, Mrs. Lewis Neale; six brothers and one sister and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

The glories of blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Scepter and crown must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

* * * *

Obituary of Catherine Smith

Catherine Fenwick was born July 13, 1855 in Louisville, Kentucky, and passed away January 15, 1940 in Appleton City, Missouri. She was married to William Smith July 2, 1876.

They lived on a farm in White Hall district for many years, until his death, September 21, 1923, since had lived in Appleton City. She was a member of the Christian Church.

They had four children, one dying in infancy - the surviving are Mrs. Rosa Kirk, Appleton City, Missouri, Oscar Smith, Clinton, Missouri and Mrs. Alta Neale, Kansas City, three grandchildren and several great grandchildren.

Burial in Appleton City Cemetery.

* * * *

Clark Smith, born January 21, 1855 - died May 29, 1924
Martha Ann Smith, born May 27, 1862 - died March 23, 1950. Married
March 4, 1880. To this union was born 7 children:

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Edna | born November 17, 1882 |
| Alma | born September 13, 1884 |
| Lola | born January 10, 1887 |
| Will | born July 6, 1889 |
| Ross | born May 28, 1893 |
| Two children died in infancy | |

Obituary of Clark Smith

Clark Smith, a pioneer citizen of St. Clair County died at his home in Rockville, Missouri, May 29, 1924, at the age of 69 years, 4 months and 8 days.

Deceased was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, January 21, 1855, and was the fourth son of Ellis and Roxaline Smith. Five brothers and one sister survive him and are as follows: Samuel B. of West Mineral, Kansas; Steele of Appleton City; Ellis and Lee of Clinton; Albert of Spruce; Mrs. Mary Hall of Carterville, Missouri. One brother, John, died in early youth and a brother Will died September 21, 1923.

He was married to Martha A. Smith March 4, 1880. To this union were born seven children, four daughters and three sons, one daughter and one son having died in infancy. Those surviving are Miss Edna Smith and Mrs. Alma Huffaker, who are at home with the parent; Mrs. Lola White of Little Rock, Arkansas; Will Smith of Shell City, Missouri and Ross Smith of Rockville. He also has nine grand-children. The wife and five children were at the bedside when he passed away.

Mr. Smith was a man of very regular habits, strong in his convictions and loyal to the party of his choice - Republican. By occupation he was a farmer until declining years, having lived on his farm east of Rockville until recent years. He possessed many virtues well worthy of emulation which will be highly treasured by those who have loved and lost, and those virtues will no doubt find expression in the lives of his loved ones. Funeral services were held at the home in Rockville Sunday afternoon, June 1, 1924, at 2:00 o'clock, by H. E. Carpenter, a friend of many years, assisted by Rev. Carnett of the Rockville M. E. Church, after which the remains were interred in the Appleton City Cemetery.

A large concourse of friends were present and many of them followed the remains to its last resting place. The music was well rendered and the floral offerings were many and beautiful, and the funeral direction by Lee and Bothwell was such as to remove as far as possible, the cold harshness that is common in death.

Obituary of Martha Ann Smith

Funeral services were conducted for Mrs. Martha Ann Smith of Rockville, Sunday afternoon, March 26th, at the Rockville Methodist Church by Rev. Lee Robinson. Martha Smith died at the family home in Rockville on Thursday, March 23, 1950 at the age of 87 years. The last member of her immediate family to die, she had spent most of her life in this vicinity, the last 28 years at her home in Rockville.

Mrs. Smith, the daughter of Elijah and Francis Peoples Smith, was born near Fayetteville, Arkansas, May 27, 1862. On March 4, 1880 she was united in marriage to Clark Smith and to this union was born seven children, Edna Smith and Alma Huffaker, of the home; Mrs. Lola White of North Little Rock, Arkansas; William E. Smith of Nevada; Ross Smith of near Rockville, and a son and daughter who died in infancy.

She united with the Church of Christ in 1934 but failing health prevented her from attending church in later years.

Of a quiet nature, her main interest lay with her family and friends, and she spent much time with her flowers as long as her health permitted.

Besides the children who survive her, she leaves eleven grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

Internment was made in the Appleton City Cemetery under the direction of the Eckhoff Funeral Home.

Pall bearers were Everett Midkiff, Walter Siegismund, Bert Meyer, James Mott, Howard Bauer and Joe Nolte. Music for the funeral was furnished by Esther Evans, Pearl Hitt, Vest Garrison and Wilbert Steiner, with Edna Nolte as pianist.

* * * *

Steele Smith

Steele Smith, 5th Son of Ellis and Roxaline Smith was born February 1, 1858, in Guernsey County, Ohio, and named for his Uncle Steele, the brother of his father.

In those days the boys were supposed to stay at home and work free until they were 21 years old, then work out for themselves. On his 21st birthday he went to his father and said, "Pap, I am 21 years old today, and I am leaving to work for myself". Grandpa cried and begged him to stay another year, and pay the mortgage off. So he stayed, worked hard and paid the mortgage, then left on his 22nd birthday, with only the clothes he had,

and worked as a hired man for Mr. Dugan for two years. He saved his money and bought a horse, saddle and bridle, later traded that for a team of mules. In 1882 he went to St. Clair County and worked, traded his team of mules for 40 acres of land, built one room and batched. Then in 1884 he built a new two room house.

When he was 16 years old he had been out on the prairie looking for his father's cattle, as it was free grazing and no fences. He came by one of the few houses out on this prairie, East of Appleton City, Missouri, and stopped to get a drink of water. He saw a little six year old brown eyed girl there, Jennie Belle Jones, and went on his way across the treeless prairies, little dreaming when they would meet again.

He and his brothers played music for the dances and they were much in demand, going miles in every direction. One night when he was 26 years old, in 1884, he played for a dance, and he saw the little brown eyed girl again, but she had grown up in the ten years. There was no one else for him then, so August 15, 1886 he and Jennie Belle Jones were married at her home and went to housekeeping in his new house. There were just plain necessities at first. About a week after they were married, he played for another dance, and got \$1.50 for it, so went to town and bought a dozen old hens, and they threw the rooster in.

He made molasses each year, as most of his brothers and father did, and set out a big apple orchard, and bought 40 acres more cropland.

They had three children:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Lottie Ann Smith | born October 6, 1888 |
| Elsie Ermine Smith | born July 1, 1893 |
| Aubrey Kenneth Smith | born June 4, 1908 |

For several years life went on happily, he worked hard and was making lots of money. Then in the fall of 1897 he had to go to Clinton, Missouri, 20 miles away for needed supplies, starting early for the long trip. About ten o'clock that night mother heard him and the men with him coming singing in the moonlight night. In minutes she heard, "My God, Jennie, Steele is dead". She ran out and they carried him in the house, and as no phones, had to run to a neighbors to get them to go on horseback after a doctor to Ohio Postoffice, which was 4 miles away. When he got there he could do nothing, so another neighbor rode a horse ten miles to Montrose after another Doctor, Doctor Fêwel, and then that doctor had to send to Clinton for a surgeon, Doctor Britts. It was seven o'clock the next morning before they got there, and operated on him on the bed. It took four men and three doctors to hold him, as when they would raise the bones up he would become conscious, and plead with them not to hurt him so. Word flew like wild fire that he was dead, and the whole yard was full of people by afternoon.

The following news item appeared in the Appleton City Journal:

"Deplorable Accident"

"News was brought to this city early Monday morning of a serious accident that befell Steele Smith, one of Monegaw Township's best known and esteemed citizens, on last Saturday night. The facts, as related to a Journal reporter, are as follows: Mr. Smith had been in Clinton transacting business and did not arrive home until late at night, when he and a brother-in-law were putting up the team in the barn, the brother-in-law heard a noise but was not aware that anything had happened to Mr. Smith until he found his prostrate body. It seems that in passing a horse in the barn, the animal kicked Mr. Smith in the back of the head and fractured his skull badly.

"Dr. Britts, of Clinton, Dr. Fewell of Montrose and Dr. Taylor of Ohio Postoffice were summoned, and removed several pieces of bone from the wound, and did all in their power to relieve his suffering.

"Mr. Smith holds a high place in the esteem of the entire community in which he resides, and nothing but words of praise for him as a citizen, and regret on account of the sad accident which befell him are heard from our citizens.

"The latest word The Journal has been able to obtain is to the effect that his condition is somewhat improved, and his friends are quite hopeful for his recovery."

As a miracle he lived, but never was strong again.

In 1906 they sold the farm he had improved from nothing, and bought another farm five miles East of Appleton City, moved there in 1907. In 1912 a team of mules ran away with him, throwing him from the wagon, and injuring his head again. In 1918 he again had an accident caused by horses, receiving some broken ribs. He was never able to work again, but lived for eight years, gradually becoming weaker. Then finally he had a stroke and in about a week passed quietly away on June 29, 1926.

The Obituary of Steele Smith
from the Appleton City, Missouri Journal

"Another Pioneer Gone"

"Steele Smith, son of Ellis and Roxaline Smith, was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, February 1, 1858. He had been in failing health for several years and suffered a paralytic stroke June 20th and another the following Saturday, from which he never gained consciousness.

In his sickness he was tenderly cared for by his loving wife and children, and had the best of medical aid, but to no avail. Quietly he lived, so he died,

passing away without a struggle early Tuesday morning, June 29, 1926, at the age of 68 years, 4 months and 29 days.

"When a small boy he moved with his parents to a farm three miles Northeast of Montrose, where he grew to manhood. He distinctly remembered when the M-K-T railroad was built and it crossed his father's farm. In 1882 he came to St. Clair County and had since lived in the same school district.

"August 15, 1886 he was happily married to Miss Jennie Jones. This union was blessed with three children, Lottie A., now Mrs. J. L. Harbour of Kansas City, Missouri, Elsie E. Smith and Aubrey K. Smith of the home.

"In the year 1890 he united with the Christian Church, and conscientiously lived an honorable up-right life, leaving his children the heritage of a good name and an example to be proud of. He was known as a quiet, industrious, honest man, and a sincere Christian. He had the faculty of making friends and keeping them, was well known, well beloved, and will long be remembered in the community he had lived in so long and well, and sadly missed by his family.

"Besides his wife and three children he leaves one granddaughter, four brothers, one sister, numerous relatives and a host of friends.

"Funeral services were held at the Christian Church Wednesday afternoon at 2:30, conducted by Rev. H. E. Carpenter of Osceola, assisted by Rev. W. W. Blalock, both old friends of the deceased. Friends and relatives from many miles around came to pay their last tribute to the dead and sympathize with the sorrowing family. The body was laid to rest in the beautiful city cemetery."

The wife and youngest daughter Elsie and the son, Aubrey, stayed on the farm for a while, then very reluctantly the farm was rented and they moved to Kansas City. We still own and operate the old home place 5 miles east of Appleton City, and consider it one of our dearest treasures. The Mother became an invalid from rheumatism, and on May 19, 1938 she passed away at her home in Kansas City, Missouri.

Jennie Belle Smith

Jennie Belle Smith, daughter of G. S. and Nancy Ann Jones was born in St. Clair County, Missouri, August 2, 1868, eight miles east of Appleton City, before that town was founded. She passed away at her home, 5214 Wabash, Kansas City, Missouri, May 19, 1938. In spite of science and loving care, the beautiful eyes closed forever (to this world of pain) to open on a more glorious world and into the Father's care which only surpassed that given so freely by her loving children.

A daughter of pioneers, she grew to womanhood with the country, seeing it change from a treeless prairie into what it is today. There were no fences, just prairie grass and one day while walking to White Hall School a drove of Texas longhorn cattle chased them. Another time a band of Indians wrapped in blankets, with feathers in their hair, came into the school house and thoroughly frightened the pupils.

She united with the Christian Church in 1890 and was faithful to the end.

August 15, 1886, she was married to Steele Smith, who passed away June 29, 1926. Three children came to bless the home; Lottie A. Harbour, of Kansas City; Elsie Smith and Aubrey K. Smith, of the home. For nearly sixty years she lived in the White Hall School District, the last ten years being in Kansas City.

Besides the above mentioned, she is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Nora McMinn and Mrs. Rosa Teters of Pomona, California, and Mrs. Agnes Gwin of Deepwater; also a granddaughter, Virginia Harbour.

Funeral Services at the Methodist Church, Appleton City, Missouri, conducted by Rev. H. E. Carpenter of Calhoun, a friend of fifty years, assisted by Rev. D. C. Dick, of Appleton City. Internment was in the Appleton City Cemetery.

* * * *

Mary Rebecca Smith Hall - Born January 10, 1861, Died April 10, 1946.
Joseph Moore Hall - Born April 6, 1862, Died December 29, 1933. Married October 18, 1883. To this union was born three children:

| | |
|-------|------------------------|
| John | born November 17, 1884 |
| Joe | born August 21, 1893 |
| Clark | born January 31, 1896 |

Obituary of Mary Rebecca Smith Hall

Carterville resident of 55 years dies at 85 years, in Carterville, Missouri, April 10, 1946.

Mrs. Mary Rebecca Hall, 85 years old, a resident of Carterville for 55 years died at 10:55 this morning at her home, 121 E. Popular Street, after an illness of seven years. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Born January 10, 1861.

Surviving are three sons, John Hall, Joseph Hall, and Clark Hall of Galena, Kansas. Eight grandchildren and three great grandchildren. Burial at Carterville.

Obituary of Joseph Hall

Plans incomplete for Mr. Hall, Carterville, Mo., December 29, 1933. Funeral arrangements are incomplete for Joseph M. Hall, 71 years old, a drilling contractor who died at 7:10 this A.M. at his home, 121 East Popular.

Coming to Carterville in 1889, Mr. Hall had lived here forty three years, was formerly a Commissioner for special road district, and held that office for fourteen years. He was a member of Methodist Episcopal Church, South and Modern Woodman of America.

He was born April 6, 1862 in Cass County, Missouri. He was married October 18, 1883 to Mary Rebecca Smith.

Surviving are his widow, three sons; John Hall of Joplin, Joseph Hall, Carterville; Clark Hall, Galena, Kansas; and seven grandchildren.

* * * *

Ellis Smith - Born December 5, 1863 - Died August 28, 1950
Bertha Ralls Smith - Born September 18, 1875, Died September 11, 1929.
Married March 1, 1891. To this union were born three children:

| | |
|--------------|-----------------------|
| Ralls | born April 18, 1896 |
| Carmen Marie | born November 7, 1901 |
| Courtney Lee | born October 3, 1906 |

Obituary of Ellis Smith

Ellis Smith, one of Henry County's oldest residents and long a citizen of Clinton, died at the Clinton General Hospital August 28, 1950, having been taken there the Saturday preceding the end. A light case of pneumonia was more than his weak heart and advanced years could withstand and quietly the curtains closed at the journey's end releasing his spirit to realms of light.

Ellis Smith, the last survivor of a large pioneer family of eight brothers and one sister, was born in Ohio, December 5, 1863, son of Ellis and Roxaline Smith. When but a year old, the family moved to Missouri and settled on a farm northeast of Montrose. He attended rural schools near his home, then to Clinton High School, and later the early Lanikin Academy on North Second Street, where soon after graduation he returned as a commercial teacher, having gained experience in the neighborhood schools near his boyhood home.

In 1893, Mr. Smith, who was considered one of the most skillful mathematicians in the state established the Smith Business College that was first held in the room of the Henry County Bank, northwest corner of the square, which building is owned by Marsh Dunning today. In 1895, he

formed a partnership with Henry Harness and moved the school to the Harness Building on North Second where the Brown Manufacturing Plant is today. Mr. Smith was the President of the new business college that for a number of years had an enrollment of 100. The school taught bookkeeping and mathematics, also issued the school journal each month, an advertising medium. In 1897 he sold his interest to Mr. Harness.

March 1, 1891, Mr. Smith and Miss Bertha Ralls were married at Montrose, Missouri and to them were born three children, who survive: Mrs. C. F. Wilson of Montrose; Mrs. Roy Moore, Clinton; also an only son Ralls, for whose devotion and care the family feels a great debt of gratitude. Five grandchildren also survive: Dale and Conrad Wilson, Chester, Patsy and Ann Moore.

For nearly three score years Mr. Smith occupied the house at 907 North 2nd Street that he built largely with his own hands, and loved as only a home-keeping heart can. Well educated and cultured, he enjoyed good music and art, appreciating fully the finer things of life. The radio was a great joy to him, especially when his eyes failed and he had to walk in darkness. His cross was carried with a calm patience that was admired and the handicap made him the more appreciative of the wonderful mediums that enabled him to keep abreast of the times in religion, politics, sports and world affairs.

Mr. Smith was a loyal Methodist, also a lifelong Democrat, and his keen, logical mind was never dimmed.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Linus Eaker at the Sickman and Dunning Funeral Home August 30, and the body was laid to rest in the Montrose cemetery. Going Home and the End of a Perfect Day were sung by Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. Jim Marks at the organ. Active pallbearers were: J. W. Miller, Henry Adkins, John M. Smith, Gus Dillon, Forest Kimball, R. I. Skaggs, while William Pogue, Frank Wilson, W. F. Hall, H. H. Page and Arthur Lee were honorary bearers.

Obituary of Bertha Smith

Mrs. Ellis Smith (Bertha) died

at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clive Wilson, just north of the Hopewell Church, in the west part of Henry County, Wednesday morning September 11. She had been in failing health for more than a year and had spent five weeks in Springfield at the home of her sister, Mrs. William Hendricks. Her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, and her husband had driven down and brought her to their home and she was apparently feeling better. She told her daughter to leave the room as she was tired and sleepy and did not want to be disturbed. Mrs. Wilson covered her up and went downstairs to get dinner, telling her to ring the bell if she needed anything. When she got

dinner ready she went back upstairs and found that her mother's spirit had gone into the Life Eternal, that pain would trouble her no more. She had apparently gone to sleep as quietly and peacefully as a child.

Bertha Ralls was born at Montrose, Missouri, September 18, 1875, and would have been 54 years old had she lived until this week. She was united in marriage to Ellis Smith, March 1, 1891, and came to Clinton a short while later. They built their home at 907 North Second Street 37 years ago, where they spent a happy married life and raised their three children. She leaves her husband and three children - Ralls Smith of Boonville, Missouri; Mrs. Clive Wilson, Montrose, Missouri; and Miss Courtney Lee Smith, who recently went to Princeton, Kentucky to teach. She also leaves one sister, Mrs. Will Hendricks, of Springfield.

She devoted her life to her children and saw that they were given every opportunity of education, her daughters being musicians of unusual skill and talent. She was a good neighbor and friend, always ready with a smile of greeting.

She was converted in her girlhood and had been a member of the M. E. Church South, many years.

Her body was brought to her late home and the funeral was conducted by Rev. Shockley, at the M. E. Church, South, Saturday morning. The burial was in Englewood. Her only sister and her children were all here for the funeral.

* * * *

Albert Smith, born June 5, 1867 - Died March 15, 1949
Christian Niggley Smith, born March 3, 1869 - Died June 28, 1944. To this union was born 9 children:

| | |
|-----------|------------------------|
| Maggie | born December 19, 1890 |
| Ellis | born December 23, 1891 |
| Clark | born March 23, 1893 |
| Joe | born October 28, 1895 |
| Della | born April 7, 1898 |
| Roy | born June 19, 1901 |
| Woody | born September 5, 1904 |
| Christina | born June 22, 1907 |
| Robert | born July 5, 1910 |

Obituary of Albert Smith

Albert Smith, resident of Bates County for the past fifty-five years, died at 5:30 o'clock Tuesday evening, March 15, at the Butler Memorial Hospital following an illness of five days.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Smith, he was born in Henry County June 5, 1867. His active years were spent in farming and since retiring, he made his home in Butler.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. George Davis, Rich Hill; Mrs. J. W. Robinson, Kansas City; five sons, Clark and Robert Smith, Butler; Joe Smith, Adrian; Roy Smith, Kansas City; Woody Smith, Independence; also one brother, Ellis Smith, Clinton; twelve grandchildren and four great grandchildren. His wife, Mrs. Christina Smith preceded him in death in 1943.

Funeral services were held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning at the Culver-Underwood Chapel. Internment was made in Oak Hill Cemetery.

Obituary of Christina Smith

Christina Niggley was born March 3, 1869 in Montrose, Missouri, and spent her early girlhood there, living in the home of her Grandfather and Grandmother Wally.

On December 8, 1889 she was married to Albert Smith, also of Montrose, Missouri. They continued to live in that town for a while, later moving to a farm in Bates County, where they resided for many years. After an illness over a long period of time, she was released from her suffering on June 28, 1944.

She leaves to mourn her passing away the husband, Albert Smith, her companion of over fifty years, two daughters, Mrs. Maggie Davis, Rich Hill, Missouri, Mrs. Della Robinson, Kansas City, Kansas, five sons, Clark Smith, Butler, Joe Smith, Adrian, Missouri, Roy Smith, Kansas City, Kansas, Woody Smith, Independence, Missouri, Robert Smith, Butler, Missouri, and a number of grandchildren.

A son, Ellis Smith passed away in 1939, and a daughter, Christina Davis in 1931.

Funeral services were conducted at the Culver Underwood Funeral Parlors, Butler, Missouri. After the service her sons and a grandson reverently carried their beloved Mother and Grandmother to her last resting place in beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, Butler, Missouri.

* * * *

Obituary of Lee Smith

Lee Smith found dead January 14, 1937.

Last rites were held at the Wilkerson Funeral Home, Saturday afternoon.

Lee Smith, good and kindly carpenter, and musician of no mean sort, was found dead about noon Thursday morning. James Bailey, who lives on Mr. Smith's property, had not seen him about as usual and being concerned about his welfare, tried to enter the house but found windows and doors locked. City Marshall Henry Westerman was then summoned and he and Mr. Bailey broke into the house, to find the body of Mr. Smith huddled on the floor, near a stove on a blanket, a quilt about him. Life was gone, his spirit having gone on to Eternal Rest.

According to County Coroner, Dr. S. B. Hughes, Mr. Smith apparently died about seven o'clock A.M., from natural causes, as he was known to have suffered from sclerosis of the liver and a weak heart. No inquest was deemed necessary.

Lee Smith was born March 29, 1870, on a farm near Montrose, Missouri. He attended the district schools of the neighborhood and though he was a farmer by circumstance, he was a musician by nature and early developed this talent that was the greatest pleasure of his life, filling lonely hours, when weary days were done. As a young man Mr. Smith went to Appleton City, where he became a carpenter and accompanied in the church choir with his violin. Thirty years ago he came to make his home in Clinton, following his trade of carpenter and enjoying the contacts made through his music playing with the Christian Church choir on his beloved violin or for dances in the neighborhood or the country around. He even strung several instruments together, playing as many as seven at a time, usually for his own entertainment and enjoyment; but when he did play the many instruments for others, his audience sat entranced throughout the spectacular rendition of folk music, hymns and dance selections.

Music, which was part of Mr. Smith's soul, found expression on any instrument, which he could play by ear or note, and into the daily tasks that brought him a livelihood, he put rhythm in his hammer beats, the hum of wheels and the vibrations of the saw he wielded, made music in his ears.

Besides the creative genius that found expression in building he developed skill at making musical instruments, particularly violins, for which, like the great Stradivarius of old, he used hard maple for the backs and spruce pine, a straight grained wood for the tops, to give them a richer, mellower tone, which was the secret of the old master's art. In his home he was surrounded by all sorts of musical instruments, many of which belonged to him and others which he repaired, and all of which he loved.

He also had the sympathy and generosity of spirit to share with a family less fortunate than he and let Mr. Bailey use his shed as a home for himself and five motherless children.

Mr. Smith is survived by two brothers, Albert, a farmer of Adrian,

Missouri, and Ellis Smith, on North Second Street, Clinton, Missouri, and one sister, Mrs. Mary R. Hall, of Carterville, Missouri, the only survivors of the family of nine children.

The funeral services were Saturday afternoon at the Wilkerson Funeral Home conducted by Rev. J. E. Alexander, and the body was then taken to Bear Creek for internment beside his mother and father, where a short graveside service was held at 2:30.

During World War I, three of Albert's sons, Ellis, Clark and Joe were inducted the same day, July 26, 1918, and served until they were honorably discharged, after the close of the War. They went to Camp Funston for training, and the following letters were written to his cousin, Elsie E. Smith:

"U. S. Army
Camp Funston
Sept. 2, 1918

"Dear Cousin,

"I received your letter the other day and will try to write you a few lines this morning. We had another good rain last night and its nice and cool this morning. the band boys have nothing to do today but clean up the squad rooms, the rest of the Company has gone to the rifle range, will not be back before Wednesday. Clark was home on a 48 hour pass, he just got back last night. He and Joe were here this morning to tell me about a lot of eats that he brought back with him. I am going up soon as I get done writing to help eat it. You haven't anything on me when it comes to chicken, for I had chicken Saturday from Missouri, some that Mamma sent us. Uncle Sam treats us to watermelon once in a while, we have potatoes every meal, I think. If I get a chance I am coming over to eat with you for a change.

"We have some cool nights lately, have to sleep under a blanket to keep from freezing. We are thinking of going to California soon, some say we will go to Florida, but I don't think anyone knows. They have shipped out over 30,000 Negroes in the last week, the receiving station is running over with new drafted men. No our band master has not come yet. We are all to get new instruments of the best make, they haven't come yet, I will be glad to get a new trombone as mine isn't much good. Two auto loads of folks from Bates County were here yesterday and day before, so we all had a big visit. I got a card from Gertrude Goller, the same day I got your last letter. Am going to write to Lottie today.

"There will be a circus here Saturday, I will look for you over, ha, ha. I am going to send you a good picture of myself some day. Will expect some pictures from you in your next letter. Captain Kelly was here with his aeroplane last week, he showed us what could be done in the air. If we move I'll let you know. I hope you have had rain, and that you will have a good time at the fair, you might also have a good time for me. I don't know much this morning, so I will quit, Tell all the folks hello for me, and answer at once, if not sooner, so good bye."

Ellis Smith

Headquarters Company, 70th Infantry.

"Camp Funston
September 27, 1918

"Dear Cousin: (Miss Elsie E. Smith)

"Will try to answer your letter. We are out at the trenches now. We are camping in tents at Smoky Flats. We came out here Tuesday, will go back to Camp Funston tomorrow afternoon or Sunday. My Company had to shoot the automatic rifle today, they sure do pour the bullets, 20 shots without stopping, just have to hold the trigger down and it does the rest. Will have live grenade throwing in the morning. We have sham battles too, you ought to see one, it's a sight not to be forgotten. The band has been playing for parades, we have to learn to march and play, it's pretty hard work as we are not used to it. When we get back to Funston we will get our new instruments, as they have come. A new disease has broken out in camp, a good many are being sent to the hospital. Anything good to eat will be appreciated if you care to send it. I hear that the 10th Division has started to move, so I guess we won't be here much longer, altho it takes a month to move a division. I was home last Sunday, couldn't get through Spruce (Missouri) so I couldn't phone to you folks. Thanks for the picture. I don't like to camp in tents very well, as it gets so cold these nights. Well I must quit for this time. Will try to write more next time.

Your Cousin,
Ellis Smith

"P.S. Joe and Clark are in the 69th Infantry.

* * * *

Camp Funston
Friday, October 18, 1918

"Dear Cousin; (Miss Elsie E. Smith)

"I received your letter last evening. As always I was glad to hear from you. As it has been raining all day, I've had it pretty soft today. We have been going out to the drill field with the rest of the Company of mornings, and drill in band formation and play as we march back to camp. We are getting to be quite a Military Band (our Captain brags on us, Captain Brown) he's sure a prince. He has been in France. This morning we had band rehearsal in the band room and after dinner we sort of cleaned up a little for tomorrow is inspection day. Last Saturday we were confined to the barracks for not having things just right. The influenza is about stopped, I hear that the quarantine was lifted today. Over a thousand soldiers died here, eight out of my Company with the flu. Clark and I were down to see Joe last night, he's over with the flu and will get out Sunday. I hope Uncle Steele and Aubrey got the spuds dug all right. We have spuds here every meal, they sure are feeding us well now. Since enough of the Huns keep on going the other way we will all be home to stay in a month or so. I would like to be there to eat pickles, but wouldn't care about helping clean house, as we have house cleaning here in the Army, you know. Ha! I hope you have struck it rich in the way of coal and water, Well I went through the gas house Tuesday.

The first time we went in it was what they called tear gas, it is harmless every way only it affects the eyes (makes a fellow cry), will make one blind, if he gets enough of it for a while. We took our masks off in the house, and the tears sure did come. The next time we went in it was chlorine gas (very poisonous) we kept our masks on this time (you bet), we stayed in the house for five minutes. Some of the boys held coins in their hands while they were in there, which the gas turned black. They had us to take all wrist watches and rings off before we went in, No, the gas masks are not so hot, there is a clamp which fits over the nose, and a tube goes in the mouth, which you breathe through. On the end of this tube is a can with chemicals in it. Well, it's about supper time. I'll ring off for this time, so answer soon.

From your Cousin,
Ellis Smith

1950032

* * * *

Camp Funston
January 4, 1919

"Dear Cousin: (Miss Elsie E. Smith)

"Will write you a few lines tonight. We are having lots of snow, and the temperature has been as low as 20 below zero. It has been much warmer today. I didn't get to go home Christmas week. They stopped giving furloughs before my time come, like always. Joe and Clark went home last night, are supposed to be back by Monday morning for reveille. The band went up to Fort Riley Xmas morning to play for the sick in the hospital, we went up there in trucks and the truck I was riding in wasn't working good and would balk about every hundred yards. We all come near freezing before we got there, there sure was some cussing going on. Ha! Dancing was going on from 2 P.M. Xmas day til 12. We went over and released the Artillery band at 4:30 P.M. and played until 7:00. Then the 69th Band took our place. They dance in the Kansas Building, it must be 150 x 100 ft. We had a nice dinner Xmas, also New Years. There is something doing at some of the Companys every night now. New Years Eve, Company A of the 69th, where Joe and Clark are, had a blowout. I went up and was one of the boys. They had the 69th Orchestra there, took all the tables and seats out of the dining room and had an old fashioned (stag) dance, also boxing, wrestling and a pie eating contest, of which Joe took part in and got second prize. We had candy, sweet cider, sandwiches and plenty of smokes. I left at 11:30, expecting to be taken in by the guards as every one is supposed to be in bed by ten. I met two guards coming back, they didn't even halt me so I considered myself lucky. When I got in all were asleep, I took off my overcoat and set down on my bunk and it fell, some guy had fixed it so they would have a laugh but as they were asleep, they missed their guess.

"We just get mail by spells too, the trains are running behind time (and all kinds of times). Don't know when I will get to come home, however, they have orders to discharge ten percent of the 10th Division now, married men are going first, then those with dependents, then the rest, so I suppose I am among the last.

"I see in the Appleton City Journal where they have lifted the flu law. Well I guess everyone is glad of it, maybe there will be something stirring by the time we get back. Tomorrow is payday so If I can get a week end pass I am going to Kansas City and while there I will call on Lottie and John. I froze my right ear last night in going from Y number 9 to Y number 8, and its only about a half quarter, pretty cold, isn't it? Well I hope your chickens will pull through all right (pets, rather, Ha.). I still play basket ball, since there is a game going on now between Company H of the 70th, and the Machine Gun Company of the 41st, they are making lots of noise, it must be some game. I won't take up any more of you time with this scribbling, I will quit and take a stroll up to the zone for exercise. Hoping that this finds you still kicking, I will close.

"Sincerely Your Cousin,

Ellis Smith

* * * *

Record of Aubrey K. Smith's Army Experiences.

In World War II, Aubrey K. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Steele Smith enlisted in the United States Army for the duration of the war. On October 28, 1942 he went to Leavenworth, Kansas, and shortly thereafter went alone to Camp Crowder, Missouri, for basic training and advanced training in teletype repair and installation.

While stationed in Camp Crowder, Missouri, Aubrey got a pass one Sunday afternoon and went to see Aunt Mary Hall and family in Carterville, Missouri. Uncle Albert Smith was visiting there too. They were a sister and brother of our father, Steele Smith.

In April, 1943, he went by train to Fort Lewis, Washington, for further training. In July, 1943 he was given a furlough to come home. But in a few days it was cancelled and he was ordered back to Fort Lewis. With his outfit, the 248th Signal Operation Company, they were high-balled across the United States to Camp Shanks, New York, and shortly after were loaded on a ship, the Dorothy L. Dix. They were in a large convoy across the Atlantic Ocean, there being 400 ships, with many thousands of soldiers on board.

Off the coast of Africa, every motor and engine became silent. The enemy submarines were ahead, but the destroyer screen effectively prevented the submarines from attacking, for which everyone on board was very thankful.

They went past the Rock of Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean Sea and landed in Oran, Africa, September 5, 1943, going out into the desert. The orders for their food had not arrived, so they had to eat "C" rations, breakfast, dinner and supper until the orders caught up with them.

The desert was very hot during the day (120 degrees), but at night became very cold. The sand was their mattress, a folded jacket for a pillow, with only a blanket and the stars for cover. They went in open trucks to Algiers. They were rationed two quarts of water per day, for drinking and shaving, of course there were no baths.

"The outfit was stationed at El Biar, just outside Algiers, North Africa, for a short time, then moved overland by truck convoy to Phillipville, North Africa. At Phillipville they boarded the English ship, Champollion, headed for Italy, by the way of Sicily.

"As they reached the coast of Italy, here came the German planes, the men waded to shore, threw themselves on the beach, expecting the worst, but fortunately there was no bombing.

"The 248th went through Naples to Caserta, Italy in November, 1943, and were stationed fourteen miles from Cassino, and were there when the Americans blew up the abbey the Germans tried so hard to hold.

Mt. Vesuvius erupted while they were at Caserta (near Naples), and the eruption was more awesome than any bombings.

"In November, 1944 the 248th was ordered into France, going by the way of the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, landing in Marseilles, France behind the invading forces. The retreating Germans had destroyed as much as possible, but one pill box was left on the beach. Aubrey and all the others went in it and looked around. A week or so later, some French children were playing in it and suddenly it blew up, killing all of them. It had been booby trapped by the Germans, hoping to destroy the American soldiers.

"In France they were stationed in various places around Marseilles, in sulphur factories, barns or tent cities, with rats as companions, no conveniences at all, except as ingenious American soldiers invented. Their stove was an old oil drum, their helmets were used to cook in, for bathing, to store things, as well as for protection.

"Aubrey's job here was installation and repair of teletypes, and in topless jeeps, he and his technicians would drive up to 125 miles per day in the mountains, and out of the way places, in all sorts of weather to install and service the badly needed communications, and many times the days were 16 to 20 hours long.

He was especially called to the French Riviera for a couple of weeks to install special teletype equipment for a conference held by General Eisenhower, and was in the same castle as the General, but never saw him.

While in Marseille, Aubrey was given a Certificate of Merit, a Citation and a Bronze Star for outstanding work in the communications field. The Citation, which accompanied the Bronze Star reads:

"European Theater of Operations

United States Army

This

Certificate of Merit

is awarded to

Technician Third Grade Aubrey K. Smith, 17127760, 248th Signal Operations Company, Delta Base Section, Comzone in recognition of conspicuously meritorious and outstanding performance of military duty.

Citation

Technician Third Grade Aubrey K. Smith, 17127760, Signal Corps, United States Army, for outstanding service during the period 15 September 1944 to 15 January 1945. As teletype central office Installer-Repairman, Headquarters, Delta Base Section, Technician Third Grade Smith displayed outstanding initiative, resourcefulness, and ability in effecting efficient operation of a large network of teletype circuits and switching center in Delta Base Area. The task which was performed in establishing and maintaining teletypewriter connections from switching centers to long distance locations was effected with such ingenuity and foresight that it was a substantial contribution to the success of Signal Operations in the Base Section.

(Signed) J. P. Ratay

Brigadier General, U.S. Army

Commanding, Delta Base Section.

The days went slowly by and at last the Germans were whipped and surrendered. Aubrey and his outfit were ordered north to Rheims, and he was in the Little Red Schoolhouse many times where the papers of surrender were signed.

War was still raging with Japan. The Commanding Officer called Aubrey in, telling him to pick the men he wanted, and to take a trainload of vital material down to Marseilles, France, to be loaded on a ship, and await orders to accompany it through the Suez Canal, on to the Phillipine Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

They got to Marseilles, and just before he left to start on the long journey, the Japanese surrendered, so the order came for him to go back to his outfit in northern France.

Aubrey enlisted in the Army as a buck private, and he said that if he had it on the ball he would go up, otherwise he did not want it. He advanced steadily until they offered him the rating of Lieutenant, but he refused that honor as he did not want to leave the men he had lead so long, and did not want to be a reserve officer.

About the first of October, 1945, Aubrey managed to get his men shipped out on their way home, but he had to wait two weeks for his own orders. He was sent to Antwerp, Belgium, and on November 5, 1945 started for home on the William F. Cody. There was a heavy fog in the English Channel and terrific storms on the Atlantic Ocean, waves were tremendously high, the ship heaved and groaned, being tossed about and they did not know if it would hold together or not. After fifteen days on the stormy depths they came near New York, but no dock available to land, so they had to wait hours outside the harbor, and on Tuesday, November 20, 1945 they landed. Many of the boys knelt down and kissed the soil of their beloved homeland they had been through so much to win freedom for. Many times they had despaired of seeing home again.

They were taken to Camp Dix, New Jersey, and treated like kings. When asked what they wanted to drink everyone said, "Milk", as none except powdered milk had been available overseas.

After a good night's rest, they were loaded on a train, and started for St. Louis, Missouri. They ate Thanksgiving dinner on the train, arriving at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri, November 22, 1945. The Officers told the men they would be civilians ;in forty eight hours, but it did not seem possible it could happen. They processed them all night and the next day. About three o'clock on Friday afternoon Aubrey had his first chance to call home, after talking and finding everything was all right, he decided to lie down fully clothed for a short nap. At four o'clock the next morning he woke up, his nap having lasted twelve hours.

That afternoon he was given his discharge papers, they said "Civilians Dismissed", and he ran for the Missouri Pacific train, just barely getting on before it started. No seats, as such a crowd, so all the way to Kansas City he either stood up, or sat on the floor, arriving at the Union Station in Kansas City, Missouri, shortly after nine o'clock PM, November 24, 1945.

His sister, Elsie Smith, met him and they went home in a cab. He could hardly believe he was home to stay after having been in the Army for 37 long months, 28 of them overseas. A few days later he went back to his old job at the Western Electric Company. This experience is a nightmare we trust and pray will never be repeated for us, or anyone else.

Now you have read the Smith Family history.
Some may think or wish it had been add
This or that about some event or mystery
Of in-laws, relatives, or some lass or lad.

So pages have been left clean and white
That those who think the things unsaid
May take their pen in hand and write
Of things they think should be said about the living or the dead.

